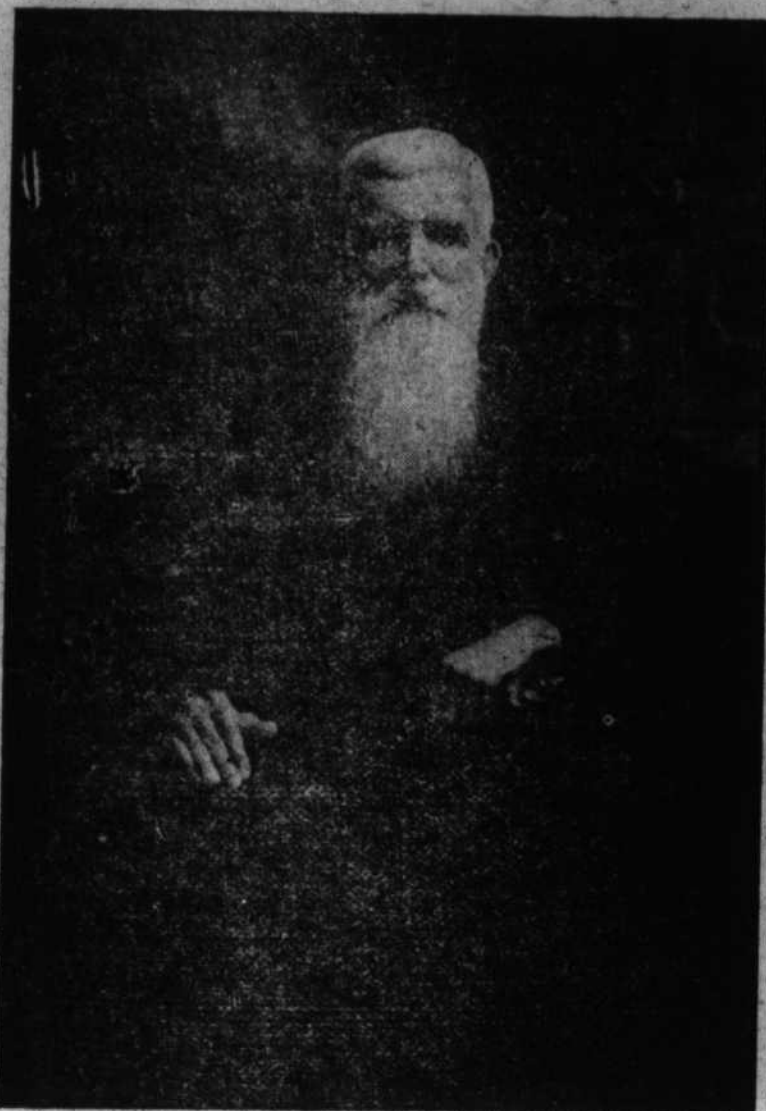


The Pocahontas Times.

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HENRY BARLOW, Esq.

With pathetic frequency the past few years prominent and influential citizens of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, have passed away. One of these was Henry Barlow, near Edray, West Virginia, the subject of this appreciation prepared as a tribute to his memory, which is fondly cherished by numerous friends and near relatives throughout his native county, and by very many persons in various localities in West Virginia. His ancestry both paternal and maternal is of pioneer derivation. His father was the venerable John Barlow, Sen., near Edray, West Virginia. John Barlow, Sen., was the only son of Alexander Barlow of Bath county, Virginia, an English emigrant, and his wife Barbara was an English young person whose family name was Rowse.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Barlow were living in Bath county when the Revolutionary War was in progress. He went into service and was never heard of after the battle of Brandywine. The prevailing opinion has been that he died in that famous engagement.

In 1806 John Barlow married Martha Waddell. Not long afterward he bought a piece of land from Thomas Brock or Red Lick Mountain, which was paid for in venison at fifty cents a saddle. Here the pioneer built his home, reared his family and passed the most of his married life. This property was finally owned by his son Henry, and is a part of the ample legacy bequeathed to his heirs. His family consisted of ten sons and five daughters. The sons were William, Alexander, James, John, Nathan, Josiah, Henry, Amos, George and Andrew. The pioneer's daughters were Elizabeth, who became the wife of the late William Baxter, Esq. Miriam, who became Mrs. Samuel Aldridge; Mary Ann married James Aldridge; Ellen who died at the age of four years; and an unnamed daughter dying in infancy, a few weeks old. Mr. and Mrs. John Barlow being conscientiously honest themselves they believed everybody else to be likewise honest, and thus were Israelites indeed in whom there was no guile. On them and their children rest the blessing promised the meek and pure in heart; provided they cherish purity, good deeds and humility as their venerated pioneer ancestors have the reputation of doing. Henry Barlow Esq. was the seventh son of the pioneer, and was born at the Red Lick Mountain home, February 21, 1827.

Mr. Barlow was married twice. The first marriage, January 30, 1855, was with Rachel Cameron Hickman, daughter of Elliot Hickman, a native of Bath county, Virginia. She was born June 2, 1836, and died in 1861, aged twenty-five years. The children of this marriage were Rachel and Evaline, both of whom died in childhood; Alice who became Mrs. George K. Gay, of Buckhannon, West Virginia; John Elliot now a merchant at Edray, West Virginia. Mrs. Nancy Jane Matilda Barlow, the second wife, was born August 19, 1841, and was married to Mr. Barlow September 22, 1862, was a daughter of William Cassell and Mrs. Matilda Cassell, on Back Alleghany. The sons and daughters of the second family were Cammie, Amos Neal, William Anderson, Regina Ruth, who became Mrs. James N. White, West Union vicinity; Davis Levi, Page Dameron, Asa Clark, Effie Florence, who became Mrs. Joel E. Peck, near Lewisburg, West Virginia; Albert Wickline who died aged five years, and an unnamed daughter dying in infancy. All of the surviving children are residents of Pocahontas county, excepting Mrs. Peck and Page Dameron, who is a popular physician, in McMechen city near Wheeling West Virginia.

It may be pertinent moreover to mention that Mrs. Barlow's father William Cassell, was twice married and she and her brother George were of the first marriage. George Cassell was a Confederate soldier and died of eight wounds received a few days before his death. Such was his sister's affection she took a journey of more than a hundred miles on horseback to be with him in his dying sufferings.

In reference to Mrs. Barlow's father's second family there were seven children born. Their mother's maiden name was Nancy Collins, daughter of Charles Collins of John Collins, the ancestral immigrant. Mary Catharine became Mrs. Thomas Beverage; Martha Ellen was married to Robert Sutton, a prominent teacher of schools; Louise became Mrs. Cassell; William Cassell, Jr. married India Sutton and lives upon the old homestead; Sarah Ann died at the age of thirteen years; Charles migrated to the far west; George went to

Texas and after numerous adventures on cattle ranches, was drowned in the Yellowstone river while in charge of a Texas herd. So she had a brother and a half brother George, one named after the other.

Mrs. Barlow's much lamented death occurred June 20, 1906 in her sixty-fifth year. In his two marriages Mr. Henry Barlow was highly favored. His wives conscientiously and efficiently "did him good and not evil" all the days of their lives respectively and they were gratefully appreciated by him and the children.

Henry Barlow's career as a business man was of a character to demonstrate the fact that Pocahontas county has in her gift all that a reasonable person should aspire to, whose assets may be only two hands and a mind to be diligent in business, yet fervent in spirit serving the Lord. For forty years he was a member of the firm of Barlow & Moore, at Edray, and in the meanwhile operated largely as a farmer and grazier, ably and industriously assisted by his sons. He virtually performed the service of a Banker years before a bank was thought of as feasible for Pocahontas county. When banks came to be organized he was among the first directors. It should be remembered to Mr. Barlow's credit that he was an enthusiast in favor of public schools, though himself among the prominent taxpayers. He served for years on the Edray Board of Education. He had the privilege of seeing his son, Davis L. serving with marked credit terms as County superintendent of schools and as a member of the West Virginia Legislature 1906-7, whose educational qualifications from first to last were due to the West Virginia public school system. For many years he was an interested visitor of the Teachers Institutes for Pocahontas county, and would make humorously characteristic addresses when speaking of his exploits and services as a "Member of the Board of Ignorance."

Having thus briefly mentioned the foregoing particulars, it remains now to consider Mr. Barlow's christian life that was such a marked feature of his personal character for sixty-five years. August 1843, Rev. T. J. Dyerly in charge of the Pocahontas circuit, conducted a protracted meeting at Mrs. Phebe McNeill's barn on Swago. This building one of the more commodious of its kind, stood in the meadow about half way between the Swago fording and the mill race. It was during this meeting he professed conversion, August 29th and in a few weeks afterwards was received at Hamline Chapel, as a member of the M. E. Church. At experience meetings while speaking of his conversion he was frequently heard to say, "that the hay and the old barn logs looked as bright as the noonday sun."

Robert Moore, the class leader and a steward of the church, asked the young member whether he would like to give some thing for the use of the church. His reply was, "I would, but have nothing to pay." Mr. Moore said, "I will pay for you and you can pay me back in work." Mr. Moore placed 50 cents to the credit of the young member, which was soon worked out in one of the Edray fields. In reference to this occurrence, Mr. Barlow often observed "he never saw the time since that he could not pay something toward the support of the church." Mr. Moore's son, Rev. George Preston Moore, became in course of time Mr. Barlow's business associate in the mercantile firm of Barlow & Moore, elsewhere referred to. Those knowing Mr. Barlow intimately say that during his whole religious life he was never known to refuse contributing something in aid of any christian church in his vicinity. From a letter written me by one who knew and understood Mr. Barlow's character better than any living person, some extracts are given illustrative of the attractive phases of his character. "He was a man who always desired peace, and because he many times aided in making peace between others, he was often called a peace maker."

"You might speak of him as a genial, gracious, kindly man, who treated all who came in the circle of his acquaintance, rich or poor, with the same rare and exact courtesy. He had a pleasant word for every one. His jovial disposition will be remembered by all his friends. His mirth faculty was well developed and was quite noticeable in his last sickness." "Notice may be taken of the fact he seldom failed to hold family prayer. He often labored in the fields until he was so nearly worn out that it was a burden for him to walk to his home in the evenings, yet he would seldom retire to rest without first asking God's protection on his home."

"Some years ago he bought a tract of land on Cranberry Mountain. He was very fond of this mountain land and scenery, and would accompany his boys and work-hands when the stock would be moved to the range in the spring. Sometimes when the fences needed repairing and other work done, all would camp for a few nights under a cliff of rocks which would, be made dry and warm by burning logs. Here when the days work was finished, supper over, and after a short time spent in pleasant conversation, Mr. Barlow would repeat a hymn and ask all to assist in singing after which he would kneel in earnest prayer. The following is one of his favorite hymns which he often used in this mountain camp.

"Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's wave nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore."

"In his home Mr. Barlow was always kind and pleasant. Never complained of his surroundings. In fact his home life was stainless. To his family he was faithful in every detail of duty. He did nothing that his children would wish to change, amend or recall; nothing to cause them to blush or apologize. His children's welfare seemed to be constantly upon his mind, and during his last sickness he often inquired if they were present. One great purpose of his life was to assist them. This is evidenced by a remark which he made just before his death, when he said in substance: "I am going away now. I leave something for my children. I have done the best I could for them, share and share alike."

The last two or three years of his life were spent largely in visits to the homes of his children from McMechen to Lewisburg, and intervening localities in West Virginia. It must have been a precious solace to our departed friend and christian brother to have known that he leaves a group of sons and daughters for whom any father might be congratulated. All are giving promise of being worthy sons and daughters of a

worthy father and the two revered mothers who have gone before.

The writer of this memorial tribute feels that in the decease of Mr. Barlow he parts with a friend from early youth, and one too who has been especially "lovely and pleasant" to him for the past twenty-four years, in ways too numerous to especially mention.

It seems to have been Mr. Barlow's intention to have a family reunion and ample preparations were being made for the deeply interesting occasion. His eighty-third birthday was fixed upon as the date, February 21, 1909. As the sequel shows it pleased the All-wise One in whom we live and move and have our being to will it otherwise under very different auspices, thus illustrating in a very touching manner that though a man's heart may devise his way the Lord directeth his steps.

When it became apparent that he could not survive much longer, Mr. Barlow's children all gathered at the old home to be with their dying father at the supreme moment, except Mrs. Ruth Regina White, who was prevented by sickness. All of the son's wives were present excepting Mrs. John E. Barlow and Mrs. Page D. Barlow, who were providentially hindered. He was heard repeating his favorite hymn at intervals.

"These is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

His latest remembered words were to this effect. When asked, "Do you feel ready to go?" He exclaimed "Yes Hallelujah, Hallelujah."

Friday February 19, 1909, he passed away serenely as a little child falls asleep in its mother's arms. Two days more he would have been eighty-two years of age, and the anticipated eighty-third birthday, with the reunion as arranged. The funeral services were performed by Revs. G. W. Marston and George P. Moore. As the 23rd Psalm was known to have been a special favorite with the deceased, it was selected and commented upon.

The remains were borne to the Edray graveyard by six of his sons as the Pall Bearers and there at the open grave, in the presence of an immense concourse of relatives, friends and neighbors, the burial rites were performed. The scene was impressively suggestive of these words, expressive of the thoughts and feelings the assembled hundreds must have realized.

"How many to their eternal home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
"Dear Savior be our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven."

Notes By The Way.

A recent excursion to Knapps Creek and Huntersville, was attended by so many pleasant incidents that I regard it as one of the times of my life. The residents of these vicinities are endeared to me from the fact that I was their pastor for fifteen years from 1885 to 1900, and my testimony has ever been to the effect that they treated me better than I had reason to expect, or deserved.

After I had passed the ministerial dead line in the service of churches in another state they cordially received me, and along with other communities in upper Pocahontas, enabled me to have opportunities for some of the most satisfactory service of my ministerial life, as to visible results. It seems to me that it would occupy far more space than could be justly allowed, to describe all that would be pleasant for me to reproduce from the pleasant memories that occupy my thoughts.

Let it suffice to say that it never occurred to me that there was in store such days as those I have so recently passed in obedience to a Presbyterial order to assist in the installation of the present pastor, Rev. A. S. Rashal, over the group of churches formed by Westminster, Huntersville and Marlinton congregations.

On Friday May 29, 1909, Mr. Lanty Harold, a ruling elder of Westminster church, and his son Lockridge placed their nice surrey at my service and they staid by me until the following Tuesday morning, June 1, 1909, after seeing me safely and pleasantly home again at Marlinton; and thus it comes their services are blended with one of the most pleasant episodes of my life. At the outset of the excursion on Friday afternoon it was with difficulty and much pain I could reach the carriage at the Inframonte gate and had to be virtually lifted into my seat, and by the time we came to the Marlinton station, where it was arranged to meet the other members of the committee and found out they had not arrived as

arranged, my mind was made up to go no farther, and so expressed myself. The member, Mr. Herold seemed to think this would never do, and whirled away too rapidly for me to carry out my resolution. After a drive of ten miles he was at his nice home with his solitary disheartened passenger.

The exercise and the pleasant reception, got in their work. And that helped matters too, the phone announced the arrival of the looked for preacher, the Rev. J. L. Lineweaver, of Greenbrier, on a subsequent train and from an unexpected direction, and that he was on his way to Dr. Lockridge's at Driscoll, traveling as rapidly as the editor of the Pocahontas Times could get a hustle on a nicely groomed, lively rig. The following morning at Dr. Lockridge's the skies were made brighter by meeting Miss Grace Moore, recently graduated with distinction as a trained nurse from the famous Louisville Institution. It is thought that by the next time the June roses bloom, Grace will see something of what our grand United States look like from Seattle to Clover Lick, to say nothing of United States in another sense.

Brother Lineweaver was given a place in our surrey. His parents were members of the church I served for sixteen years in Rockingham county, Va. I received his father into the communion on profession of his faith, among the first young persons that united with the church; soon afterwards officiated at the marriage of his parents, and this young minister is their first born child. He was soon ordained a deacon and for years was one of my efficient helpers in pastoral service.

Brother Lineweaver says the first vivid recollection he has of me, he was riding behind me on "old Jack," coming from night meeting and I showed him the milky way and talked to him about it. It was the first time he had ever noticed it, and from that evening, to the present lovely morning in May, 1909, he never sees the Lactes Via, without thinking of

me. I told him that now by the light of this very charming morning, our ride would be through what might be called the milky region or the cow's paradise. The meadows furnished the wintering, and the mountains by which they were overlooked afforded the best of summering.

All things considered, a more interesting Saturday audience never assembled at the Westminster meeting house than was present at the service. I was assigned the duty of preaching the sermon, and this was selected for the text: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men; Teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good work." Thes. 2: 11-14. Special effort was made to impress the congregation with considerations like the following: Were it not for such teachings as "the grace of God" teaches there would be no valid reason for an installation (Continued on page 2)

Letter From Oklahoma.

Editor Times:

Thinking that a few lines from this part of the country might be of interest to your readers I will try to give a brief description of the part in which I am at present, and a few words concerning my trip in coming here.

I left my home at, Blue Springs, Randolph county, on the seventh day of April and arrived in Roswell, New Mexico on the thirteenth; was on the train four days, having stopped off one day in Clarksburg, W. Va. and one day in Fort Worth, Texas. I came from Clarksburg to Cincinnati on the B. & O. and South Western and from there to St. Louis on the Atchison, Topeka and SantaFe, and from St. Louis to Roswell on Texas Pacific and Santa Fe roads, via Kansas City, Topeka and Fort Worth.

This is a dry healthy climate. The days are warm and the nights cool and pleasant. I have been in Roswell half of my time since coming here and the other half I have been out on the plains roughing it in true western style. The wild free life of the plains have a strange fascination for me and I enjoy it very much, having been with an engineering corps while out.

Roswell is said to be the most beautiful small city in all the west, and I am inclined to think so myself. The population is about 10,000 and it is situated in the south eastern part of the state on Spring river and ten miles west of the Rio Pecos Hondo rivers, in the great artisan belt. Hundreds of artesian wells are used to irrigate farms and alfalfa fields. There are miles of fine orchards and broad fields of alfalfa which present such a beautiful appearance that when once looked upon forms an impression which can never be forgotten.

This country is truly the sportsman's paradise. There are so many large wolves, kyotes and prairie dogs, bears and mountain lions. Also plenty of antelopes, but the game laws of this state protect the antelope until 1910, so you see I must wait awhile yet before I can send you an antelope skin as a souvenir of my hunting trip. Yet while writing this letter and while surrounded by all that can make life pleasant, memory calls before me many dear faces who were my friends and associates in dear old Pocahontas, where my boyhood days were spent—quite true the happiest of my life. However, I am eighteen hundred and sixty miles away from my native home, yet sometime in future years if providence permits I hope to be once more among the beautiful and picturesque hills of West Virginia.

Sincerely,

Roswell, N. M. N. M. HERR.